

The power went out in Port Kaisa.

All the people in Vista Del Rey, a township in Port Kaisa, were milling about on the streets. Everyone was trying to figure out what the commotion was all about. A loud crash occurred to the north a few minutes prior. A few explosions and some laser fire later, the city was covered in the bleak light of emergency power. A few panicked, looking upward and seeing the unfamiliar dots of stars in the sky.

Raistline fought through the crowd, desperately trying to reach his destination, the district of Arroyo. Separated by a river dotted by occasional bridges, Arroyo lay to the north. City streets of people blocked Raistline's path. The gray Jedi tried to calmly part through the crowd, but then Arroyo's generators blew. Panic flew through the streets rapidly. The crowd was overcome with fear and panic and began to flee as pure darkness descended on the city.

Fighting the stream of people and losing, Raistline made every attempt to hold his ground. He grabbed onto any person moving slower than the rest of the crowd and pushed himself forward, attempting to resist the mob. Punches were blindly thrown, kicks hit haphazardly. The feeling of loss, as some were trampled, struck the gray. He grasped at a random object, a garbage disposal can, and held on for dear life. And then the screams started.

Horrible screams.

Raistline held on to the concrete structure as people rushed past. Around the horrible screams, he could hear growling. Reaching within himself, he created a barrier around his body to stand against the force of the mob. Less distracted by the blows of the scared citizens, he was able to concentrate on the sounds of the growling. In the distance, he could see two small raptors, covered in strange crystals, taking people fleeing.

A child ran by Raistline, holding his father's hand. The father, his arm being so neatly cleaved in a raptor's mouth, was being devoured close behind. The image disturbed the Jedi. He had to ease some of the stress of the masses.

Letting the Force increase his perception, Raistline began to walk through the crowd without anyone making any form of contact. He knew where every footfall of every pedestrian would land, where every panicked shoulder would drive. Walking through the crowd, he reached the two raptors. The raptors smelled Raistline's scent, and Raistline could smell the blood of the raptor's victims.

For an instant, the three held a staring contest. The raptors at Raistline, he at the raptors. Then they offered a deafening roar, challenging their combatant, soon-to-be prey.

A DL-44 blaster pistol was in Raistline's raised hand before they took a step. He fired. Fired until the power was discharged. The two raptors reared as the lasers from the pistol ate away at their scales, flesh, and meat. The two lay on the street, screaming in pain and bleeding out. Raistline returned the DL-44 to its holster and then continued on to the Arroyo district.